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bosesia. Dr. Biggers Bluckleberry Cordial is the entary softrikany are active that restored the third was received by the softrikany and curse Barrhos the Hills was considered. When it is considered that at this season of the year sadden and daruprous attacks of the bowels are so frequent, and we hear of so many deaths occurring before a physician can be called in, it is important that every household should provide themselves with some speedy relief, a dose of which will relieve the pain and save much anxiety. Br. Biggers Huckbeberry Cordial is a simple remedy which are child above the soft of the

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HOPKINSVILLE, KY. Lly Jan 1-'851

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hurts and many sorts of alls of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

The Mirror

is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

An Illinoss editor defines a philanthropist as a zealous person bent on doing the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number with the greatest possible amount of oth-

CHORUS OF HUSBANDS.

The bonnets that bloom in the spring. Hiosom now in the merry sunshine:
And we delefully groun as we sing.
Tra-ial
At the thought of the outlay they bring,
Tra-ia.

'Oh, confound the bonnets that bloom in the

II.
The bonnets that bloom in the spring. Are exhibited now in the case.

And your wife wants a \$10 wing.

Tra-ia!

Train:

A most unattractive old thing | Train:
| And a whole lot of flowers and lace.
| And she ways you're real mean, and a hateful old filing.
| If you don't buy the bonnet that blooms in

A MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY.

Crippled Bill's Little Kate Dying for a False Lover.

Special Bailiff Tom Prather, lately aided through Rowan and the adjoining county of Morgan, Kentucky. At an abandoned still house on one of the numerous headings of Yocum creek, Morgan County, they found the dead and partly decomposed body of Dick unhewn logs, and, lying in one corner, with his head among the dead embers of the still fire, was Alfrey's body. He had evidently committed suicide, for the muzzle of his long squirrel rifle was clenched between his fleshless jaws. The upper part of his skull was missing and pieces of the shattered bone were found imbebbed in the dry bark of the logs composing the shanty. His taking off was the last act of a most pathetic tragedy. Two years ago Alfrey ran an illicit still in the very house in which he committed self-murder. His partner was old Bill Elliott, well-known in both Rowan and Morgan Counties as ner was old bill Elliott, well-known in both Rowan and Morgan Counties as Crippled Bill, he having been badly wounded in one of John Morgan's raids, from the effects of which he never recovered. Bill Elliott made his appearance on Yocum creek immediately after ance on Younn creek immediately after the surrender at Appemattox and bought a small tract of rough land on Squirrel Ridge. By dint of much labor he cleared away the heavy timber and thick underbrush and crected a small cabin, a cow shelter and the other rude shantles that go to make up the buildings of a Ridge farmer. He might have been a very sociable and companionable man in his early manhood, but his misfortunes seemed to have soured his disposition and he made few acquaintances and fewer friends.

Hanna, and one night, much to the 'Squire's indignation and every one the country to the Ohio river, crossing which stream they were made man and wife by Squire Massic Beasley, at Aberdeen, the Gretna Green of America. They returned to Squirrel Ridge two days afterward and began life quietly and modestly in Crippied B.ll's humble cabin. Bill evidently loved his young and pretty wife, and she was devotedly attached. and pretty wife, and she was devotedly attached to her homely husband. Squire Dink Hanna never forgaye his daughter for her marriage and the two families were estranged. About a year after the clopement a daughter was born to the strangely matched couple, and three days after the little one opened its eyes the mother closed hers in death. Crippled Bill mourned for his lost mate as only a strong man can, and when an unlettered mountain president propounced over her graye. preacher pronounced over her grave the last rites that Christians give to the last rites that Christians give to their dead, he threw himself upon the mound and groaned in agony of spirit. The rough but kindly neighbors led him home. When he entered his cabin with a sad and melancholy face his haggard eyes foll upon the motherless babe sleeping quietly in the home-made cradle that the neighbor woman, who had nursed Bill's wife in her last sickness, had drawn up before the blazing fire of pine knots. The helplessness and innecence of the babe no doubt kindled in his bosom new hope for the future.

necence of the babe no doubt kindled in his bosom new hope for the future, for his face growbrighter and he turned to the neighbors who had followed him and said, with rough kindliness:

"Naburs, the burryin's over. I'm gwine ter make a fresh start ter-morrow for her sake!" and he pointed to the sleeping child and, bending down, ki sed the little pink cheeks.

To saveryhody's surprise the child. ki sed the little pink cheeks.

To everybody's surprise the child lived. He called her Kate and as she grew older the adjective 'little' was added to her name because of her fairy-like grace and delicacy of limb and feature, and when she was seven years old everybody on Yooum knew Crippled Bill's Little Kate.

She loved her rough old fathers.

Bill's Little Kate.

She loved her rough old father and he lived only for her. About this time, or, to be more precise, in 1874, Crippled Bill fell in with the Alfrey boys and they induced him to join them in running a moonshine still. The profits of the business were something enormousning a moonshine still. The profits of the business were something enormous-if you didn't get eaught—and Crippled Bill became too'r partner. For up-wards of ten years they conducted their illicit business and defled capture. Yocum creek is one of the most pecu-licity was a superior with the conduction of the conduction.

liar streams in Mountain Kentucky. It heads in Morgan County and empties into the Licking, nearly opposite More-head. For a distance of five miles it runs through the Narrows of Yocum, a deep and gloomy canyon, through which trends a rough wagon road. This road crosses the little stream a hundred and fifty-seven times and the gorge is

pled Bill Elliott and the Alfrey boyscar-ried on the business of illicit distilling. They disposed of the product of their ail to the lumbermen on the river and divided among themselves the profit. The gang had numerous encounters with the revenue officers, and one after anoth-er of the Alfreys were killed until only Dick remained. There were warrants out for his arrest charging him with killing a revenue officer and with illicit dis-tilling. Armed with his long squirrel rifle he roamed through the mountains and freely visited the towns, boasting that he would kill the first man who made a warlike movement toward him. He spent his money freely and had hundreds of friends scattered about the country, who warned him whenever a

marshal's posse approached. Once in 1880, waite visiting his father's house on the Licking river road, a party of revenue officers rode up and sur-rounded the house, keeping, however, at a respectful distance, for they knew that Dick was a dead shot and none of them wanted to make martyrs of them-selves. Every door and window of the house was barricaded and when the marsoal's men cautiously approached Dick's voice was heard ordering them

"Ye all dassent make a rush, for I'll kill a half dozen uv ye afore ye git hyar. 'The ole man's well purvided with rashuns, an' I kin stand ye off fur a month. Dad an' I'll take turns standin' guard, an' we'll keep it up night an' day."

The marshal's party, after consulting

among themselves, mounted their horses and rode away, and Dick went A party of United States Internal back to his mountain eyrie to distil more whisky. Crippled Bill Elliot was the Revenue officers, under command of factor or go-between of the Alfreys, and when only Dick remained to carry on the business he and the old man shared the profits of the still equally. Crippled Bill saved his money to spend it liberally on Little Kate, whom he decked in the hand-omest gowns that could be purchased at the crossroads store. She Morgan County, they found the dead and partly decomposed body of Dick Alfrey, the last of that famous family of moonshiners, who have for years defied the United States authorities. The still house was a rude shanty of unhewn logs, and, lying in one corner, with his head among the dead embers of the still fire, was Alfrey's body. He She was a daughter of the mountains-bright-eyed, curly-haired, fresh-faced, with rounded limbs and a good diges-tion, and able to shoot a rifle or ride a horse with the best man in the country. A score or more of the young moun-taineers endeavored, in their homely fashion, to make Katy their sweetheart, but she repulsed them ail. One hot August day, when the little underground stream that supplied the moonshine still in the cave behind the thick laurel bushes on Yocum Cliffs had run dry, and Crippled Bill and his partner had a mooral their business to a scalabel. removed their business to a secluded spring branch, where they were busily engaged "making rum," Little Kate engaged 'making rum,' Little Kate sat on the rude porch whose roof over-hung the door of her father's cabin, bustly engaged in spinning, singing like a lark meanwhile.

A man, young and strong limbed as Hercules, wearing clothes whose texta Heroules, wearing clothes whose texture and color were hidden beneath a
thick coating of dust, and carrying a
light pack on his back, strode up the
mountain road which led from the Narrows. He paised for a moment in
front of Crippled Bill's cabin, cast an
admiring glance at the girl on the
porch, and then boldly unlatched the
rude gate set in the paling fence which
enclosed the little garden and marched equaintances and fewer friends. His nearest neighbor was Squire Dink enclosed the little garden and marched

'Squire's indignation and every one clese's surprise, Crippled Bill and his neighbor's youngest daughter, Capitola, mounted their horses and rode across the country to the Ohio river, crossing with flushed cheeks and eyes big with apprehension. "It is very dusty," considered the stranger, "and I am thirsty." "I beg pardon," he began, and Little | when the marshal's tinued the stranger, "and I am thirsty. Would you kindly give me a drink of

water? "Sartin' sure," answered Kate. "Fill git ye a fresh drink from the spring," and seizing a wooden piggon which stood on a shelf beside the door she ran uickly down the mountain path leading to the spring, while the stranger dropped his pack on the porch and with a grate-ful sigh seated himself in the rush-bot-tomed chair which Kate had motioned him to take.

him to take.

"If you have no objection," he said, when she returned with the water and proffered him a gourdful, which he drank in deep draughts, "I will rest here a while. I have traveled a long distance and I am very tired."

"Sit ye thar, stranger, as long as ye please," answered the girl hospitably. "Ye are plumb welcome."

He availed himself of her permission with thanks, and when he began to talk and his words brought up the pictures she had herestore seen only in her day then we she steamed here similar.

she had heretofore seen only in her day dreams she stopped her spinning and drawing up her chair beside his listened with eager interest.

They were sitting there together when Crippled Bill hobbled up, carrying a brown jug of moonshine whisky in each hand. At sight of him the girl, with a hand. At sight of him the girl, with aglad cry, jumped from the porch and
ran down to the gate. She threw her
arms around the old man's neck and
kissed him, whispering meanwhile that
a "stranger man" had come and was
"thar on the po'ch." The newcomer
had followed her down, and when Crippled Bill looked up quickly, with a
frown on his face, the young man raised
his hat and apologized for the intrusion.
"Tm an artist," he said, "and my
business here is to make sketches of
this most picturesoue solitude."

this most picturesque solitude." Crippled Bill answered him gruffly, despite Little Kate's frowning protest, but the old man finally picked up two jugs of whisky and walked toward the but the old man finally picked up two jugs of whisky and walked toward the house muttering something about it "hevin" no room to entertain strangers." He followed Kate inside the house. The stranger remained on the porch. Father and daughter held a whispered consultation and presently Crippled Bill came out and invited the young man to "take a cheer." The latter had already introduced himself as Harry Morgan, artist, and when he had told the old moonshiner several stories that tickled to he latter mightly and had listened patiently to Bill's running account of Morgan's raid and his own wounding by a stray Federal builet, the two because quite good friends and before Kate announced supper Harry Morgan, had prevailed upon Crippled Bill to allow him to occupy the little bed in the should have made a sufficient number of sketches of the picturesque nooks on Vacuus creak. The summerad artist are case of an Ambassador or the should have made a sufficient number of sketches of the picturesque nooks on Vacuus creak.

dark to see the stiches or she becam interested in the stories the two men tald, for she rarely did much work. One told, for she rarely did much work. One morning, after breakfast, the young man shouldered his pack and bade Crippled Bill and his daughter goodbye. The old moonshiner would accept no pay for the young man's entertainment, and Morgan, turning suddenly, slipped a ring from his little finger and, catching Kate's hand, placed it on her brown forefinger.

"You will wear this to remember me," he said, and she, looking into his face with moist eves, answered truth-

face with moist eyes, answered truth-

fully:
"I shall never forget ye." The summer passed away and Bill, who was always solicitous for his Little Kate's health, noticed that as the leave Kate's health, noticed that as the leaves on the maple trees began to golden and the oaks were crowned with quivering veils of crimson the roses in Kate's cheeks grew fainter and her brown eyes always had a look of eager expectancy in them. He secretly determined to see a doctor about her the next time he went down to the settlement at Bangor, but before he could put this plan into but before he could put this plan into execution poor Kate was past all doctors' help. Beginning from a week after the artist left the girl had made a journey every morning to a little glen which overlooked the road leading up from the Narrows and would sit there on the mossy rock for hours at a time, with her face turned toward Yocum creek and her eyes on her knitting. On this particular morning she went to the this particular morning she went to the same place and had hardly taken her sition on the rock when she heard he heavy tramp of a body of horsemen

coming up the creek and sprang for-ward, with an eager, wistful light in her eyes. Suddenly, as the approaching cortege swept around a bend in the Narrows, she uttered a startled cry and staggered back as though struck by some sudden blow, for she recognized the intruders as a squad of revenue officers. Riding at the head, with his eyes fixed straight before him, was

eves fixed straight before him, was Harry Morgan, the artist.

"Spy!" she hissed between her set teeth, and tearing the ring he had given her from her finger she flung it from her. Then, as the Government party disappeared around a bend in the Narrows, heading straight toward her father's still, she bounded up the glen like a frightened deer, with a fierce and passionate anger tucying at her heart. like a frightened deer, with a fierce and passionate anger tugging at her heart, to give the stillers warning. As she reached the head of the glen she heard wild shouts and the rattle of fire arms, and when a builet clipped a leaf close beside her she sprang behind a large rock for shelter, trembling and frightened. Suddenly a man dashed past her, and peering out, she saw Dick Alfrey, with a fierce tire in his eyes, speeding up the glen, rifle in hand.

ng up the glen, rifle in hand.

Behind him came another armed man,

constitutes a citizen under the law. Many men who have been voting for Many men who have been voting for years here discovered that they had used the franchise illegally on account of their not having been naturalized. Several have applied to the courts for their papers who were by birth American citizens. A young man applied to the circuit court. He said his parents were both foreigners and were never naturalized. He, however, was born in this country a few months after his

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Their Peculiar Habits, Haunts and the Way to Huut Them.

Houston boasts of quite a large num ber of Nimrods who go out almost daily to hunt prairie chicken and other game Prairie chicken shooting has the preference over most hunting sport, for the reason that it requires carefully trained dogs and a sufficient practice with the gun to shoot "upon the wing" without the husbands. But one serious flaw in moment's warning. The prairie chicken is an accommodating bird, and may be hunted in pleasant weather; this fact may partly account for the ardor with which it is pursued. Chicken shooting, is however, is a fiscinating sport in itself, the game being very strong of wing and exceedingly palatable. Daylight finds the hunters—for they generally, like the index of the flogs, hunt in paira—leaving the farm house where they have passed the night. At the word of command the dogs leap into the wagon, and a few moments drive brings the hunters to a "likely field." The hunters alight, slip a cartridge into each barrel of their guns and turn into the field. The dogs are eager for the sports to begin, and at the words "Hunt em up," and a wave of the hand, spring out into the stubble at full speed, one hunter and one dog to each side of the field. The dogs work from the edge of the field to the center, cross, keep on to the other edge, return and cross again, covering the field in ever varying and irregular circles. Now and then one pauses and soniffs the wind blowing down the field, or turns quickly aside from his course and follows up for a few yards an old seent in the hope of finding it grow stronger. Suddenly one of them, running at full speed in long, elastic bounds, with ear and tail waving as he leaps, falls flat on his belly as if paralyzed and remains as motionless as a stone. Quick as its the movement, the other dog has also crouched and is pointing at the first dog, "backing him up" with implicit confidence, though the scent may not have reached his keen nostrils. The sagaolous animals turn their heads and look back at their masters with intelligent eyes, as if to say: "Hurry up; here they are!" The men move rapidly and notselessly up to the first dog. "here they are!" The men move rapidly and notselessly up to the first dog. "here they are!" The men move rapidly and notselessly up to the first dog. The may partly account for the ardor with pers and exactions, and sometimes to drive the husbands elsewhere for the

gent eyes, as if to say: "Hurry up; here they are!" The men move rapidly

frey, with a fierce fire in his eyes, speeding up the glen, rifle in hand.

Behind him came another armed man, the artist, whose ring she had cast from her in scorn only a few minutes before. As he reached the rock behind which she crouched Dick Alfrey sprang to shelter behind some bushes, and, wheeling, raised his rifle. The movement was a quick one, but the girl in hiding was quick one, but the girl in hiding was quick one, but the path and, as the heaped out into the path and, as the hunted moonshiner's rifle cracked, the bellet intended for his pursuer's heart pierced the tender bosom of Little Kate. She fell to the rocky ground with a moaning cry and the like blood dyed her white dress crimson. The man to save whose iffe she had sacrificed her own dropped beside her and raised her head. There was a smile upon her lips and her brown eyes opened and looked into his. "I'm dyin' Harry," she gasped, "for you, love—kiss me!" and as their lips met she died.

Crippled Bill had been captured and when the marshal's posse, following their leader, brought the old man up and his eyes fell upon the dead girl, the blook and this eyes fell upon the dead girl, the pick and his eyes fell upon the dead girl, the lock and this time to doe and hone of them even tell her there is no was a quick one, but the girl in hiding warning that he coan go not the eovey. The men take one, two steps—whix, whire, three birds rise—two to the left, one to the right kills his bird, the man on the left kills with the first barrel had monshiner's rifle cracked, the bullet intended for his pursuer's heart pieced the tender bosom of Little Kate. She fell to the rocky ground with a moning cry and the like-blood dyed her white dress crimson. The man to save whose ifte she had sacrificed her own dropped beside her and raised her head. There was a smile upon her lips and her brown eyes opened and looked into his. "I'm dyin' Harry," she gasped

CORN AND COB-MEAL.

A Good Feed For Horses If Given In Con-

ter adapted to feed work horses than inations of 1885, delivered an extremely meal without the cob, for the cob gives interesting defense of language as the bulk in the stomach, and thus assists di- most useful of all disciplinary studies. gestion. But, although ground with The bishop held that the number of those the cob, corn-meal should never be fed young people so constituted as to be edalone to horses. The horse masticates ucated successfully, either wholly or its food but once, and many horses do mainly, by the discipline of science is not masticate it well even once. The writer, at one time, fed two working teams upon cob-meal, as their grain food, for two years, and they were al-ways well and ready for work. I was ways well and ready low ord. I was quite aware of the defect in corn as a muscle-forming food, and remedied this by giving nicely cured clover hay with it. This assisted in bal-ancing the ration; but the essential point was in feeding the corn and cob meal (sixteen pounds) upon twelve pounds of short-cut clover hay. The hay was moistened, and the meal mixed with it, one of the most weirdly picturesque spots in America. Cliffs, whose tops tower hundreds of feet above the bed of the stream, wall it on either side. Their faces are covered with a thick growth of laurel bushes and tall firs and pines overhang their summits. Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institution, visited the narrows once and made a careful examination of the ciffs on both sides. He found behind the screen of laurel bushes roomy caves, and in the depths of these caverns the bones of the great cave bear the traces of that curious prehistoric race, the cave dwellers.

In the stable until he should have made a sufficient number of sketches of the picturesque nooks on Yocum creek. The supposed artist remained at Crippled Bill's cabin about the stream, wall it on either side. Their pained at Crippled Bill's cabin about faces are covered with a thick growth of laurel bushes and tall firs and pines as pilot, for she knew every trare ingle and every him-carpeted glen and every him-carpeted glen and every him constitution, visited the narrows once and made a careful examination of the Cliffs on both sides. He found behind the screen of laurel bushes roomy caves, and in the depths of these caverns the bones of the great cave bear the traces of that curious prehistoric race, the cave dwellers.

In the depths of the existing provents of a child were English people living in Ireland. They came to America and only remained at Crippled Bill's cabin about the exercise of Junch vs. Clarke, reported in 18 Sanborn, where the parents of a child were English people living in Ireland. They came to America and only remained some three years. During this time a daughter was born unto them and every partial beautiful the courts held that the child was a citizen of the United States. "Chicago in the stomach. These teams had constant work, but were shade and prevented all tendency to produce fever in the stomach. These teams had constant work, but was the meal to America and only remained at Crippled Bil's cabin about the every fo

INCOMPLETE TRAINING.

ouseks sping Knowledge Which Every Young Wife Should Possess.

A noticeable portion of the discomfort of life to the newly-married arises from a certain defect in education-we regret to say it-on the part of the wives. Other portions may arise (to say nothing of other shortcomings in the wives) from the exactions, tyrannies, temperature and general ill-behavior on the part of the knowledge and habits of the wives is sufficient to develop many of these tem

is an effort to get into them after the have been washed a few times, and dihere they are!" The men move rapidly and noiselessly up to the first dog. The intelligent animal, who has not moved a muscle except to turn his head and look back, rises slowly and crouchingly to his feet, and with nose extended steals slowly forward, intelligence and wary caution expressed in every movement of his eloquent body. His feet are lifted and put down like paws of velvet, and his progress is noiseless and as true as the needle to the pole. The hunters follow earefully close behind, guns cocked and ready for use.

Down goes the dog as though shot dead, and this time he does not dare to

met sie died.

Teispiele Bill had been captured and when the marshal's pose, following the died of the sign of the

LINGUISTIC STUDIES

A Bishop's Powerful and Clear Argus The Bishop of Oxford in distributing well-ground corn and cob-meal is betthe candidates in the Oxford local examlanguage to be not only the most effective for those whom it saits, but, on ntilitarian grounds, far the useful. You can use n mere utilitarian grounds, far the most useful. You can use a match-box or a pump to the best possible effect without really understanding its operation at all. If you wanted to repair your pump, you would send to the plumber, even though you yourself understood fully what it needed. But you could not use the most useful of all tools, language, to the best purpose without really understanding its structure; you could not get any one to mend effectually your broken *sentences for tire; you could not get any one to mend effectually your broken sentences for you if you did not know how to mend them for yourself. Further, it would be impossible to master the facilities of any great language without attaining an insight into the secrets of the heart of even higher value than the mastery of all tools itself. This seems to us a secretary for the secretary of singularly just and weighty argument for linguistic studies. - London Spectator.

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